

INTEGRITY



THE EAST, BRIGHTNESS OF THE LIGHT ETERNAL
OF JUSTICE, COME AND ENLIGHTEN THEM WHO
SIT IN DARKNESS AND IN SHADOW OF THE DEATH

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DECEMBER 1951

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OUR LORD came as a little child to save a world hopelessly sunk in iniquity. Later He redeemed us on the Cross. But His first condition was infancy, and we who may expect the cross too, would do well to learn the lesson of childlike simplicity.

The modern world is a mad house. Any one who doubts this the rest of the year, learns it again each Christmas. Everything is too fast, too much, too many, too exhausting and too complex. Holidays are just an added burden and Christmas holidays are the most burdensome of all, financially, spiritually and physically. Something has to be done.

The thing to do is to become as little children, to simplify our lives, but in a Christian way. We must avoid false simplifications. For instance, we must not believe, with respect to reading, that we *have* to be well-informed, that the more printed matter that rolls off the presses the more obliged we are to read it. People are taking courses so that they will learn to read superficially a dozen books, scan six daily newspapers, or cover all the trade journals. This is not the answer. God does not expect us to keep pace with the presses and, if we are overwhelmed with undigested ideas, surely a stripping to fewer, more fundamental books is in order.

If the list of those to whom we have to give Christmas presents or send cards has become fantastically long, expensive and meaningless, that does not indicate that we should spend Advent becoming slick shoppers. It more likely means that we should stop dead in our tracks and refuse to conform to the convention that started this hypocrisy, and then begin again in quite a different way, from different principles.

However, there is one thing worse than complexity and that is a false simplicity, undertaken for worldly motives, such as lack of generosity with self, or stinginess with money, or the inability to summon up joy over the birth of Christ. This is the spirit of "let's not have a Christmas tree this year, because the prices are so outrageous and all it does is mess up the house." A materialistic simplification of life destroys all its savor, leaving us petty and empty.

There is another kind of simplicity which comes from depth and principle and enables us to do twice as much work with half the energy, and with joy.

With Christmas, simplicity is simple, because the liturgy indicates what should be done. Once we concede the point that Advent is Advent, a preparation for Christ's coming and a time of quiet, prayer, and mortification, a preparation of the spirit, then the frenzied crowds of shoppers seem very remote, and simple home-made gifts suggest themselves. Advent wreathes, Christmas trees, cribs, special cooking, all of these things will be seen to be appropriate, satisfying and peace-giving.

The theory of simplicity is that if one puts first things first, second and third things fall into place naturally. But since most of the noise and nonsense of our almost entirely pagan Christmases ought not to exist at all, then those who put first things first will find a multitude of cares just simply dropping out of their lives.

There is another truth involved here, which is that the amount of work a person can do who is rooted in grace is incomparably greater than what is accomplished by natural energy. That's why, for instance, Father Garrigou-LaGrange says it is fitting for a Bishop to be in the unitive stage of the spiritual life. He has so much work to do, such a large area to supervise and such a heavy responsibility, that somehow the work has to be unified in a wisdom higher than human. To be properly done such a work has to be the overflow of contemplation. Now natural prudence would dictate the opposite. It would say, this man is too busy to spend much time in prayer, therefore he will be excused from the necessity of cultivating a deep spiritual life.

What goes for Bishops goes for busy lay people analogously. We too have a multitude of worldly cares. We too are, or should be, responsible for the apostolate. If we pore over books on efficiency and become brisk go-getters, whatever we accomplish will be so much fanning of the air anyhow. But if we start with simplicity, and as little children put our lives and affairs in the hands of God, Our Lord will accomplish much through us.

Often the beginning is hard and means a sharp break. No better time than the Christmas season for making it.

We wish all our readers simplicity and peace and a very holy Christmas.

THE EDITOR

"Bring Back Christ To Christmas"

The distinguishing mark of our society is its lack of order. We have just about come to the end of the old Christian social order and we have not yet committed ourselves wholeheartedly to the new materialistic synthesis which seems to be its successor. Living in a vacuum, caught between the devil of a watered-down Christianity and the deep blue sea of absolute materialism, we see in Christian radicalism the answer. Using what good is left from the old order, it seeks to build a positive new society, one which is centered in Christ.

The gap between this Christ-centered world which is our aim and the Christ-less society which for the most part exists around us grows wider all the time. The task of the apostolate is to bridge the gap. It is our part in the great downward and upward movement of the Redemption. Christ must be brought to people bogged down in materialism so that He may lift them up to the sharing of His life. In this business of bringing Christ to society and society to Christ, Christians must have a point of contact somewhere in the chasm between the materialist attitude and the Christian attitude, where a bridge can be built—a bridge on which Christ can cross to enter minds and lives.

These points of contact which can become opening wedges are not too plentiful. But there are some. They are the bits of straight thinking, of "residual Christianity," which are still apparent in our vastly over-rated "American way of life."

One of the scraps of Christianity which has come down to us from the ages of Faith is the feast of Christmas. It has been relatively difficult to secularize because it is so essentially religious. Its degeneracy to the empty and sterile habit which is a convention, has at least been less insidious than many other inroads of materialism on our living. People who are considered the best of Catholics quite often have large chunks of materialistic attitude and completely fail to see its basic contradiction to the real Christian attitude. But every Christmas there are a goodly number of people heard to bemoan its commercial exploitation.

In the restoration of all things in Christ, therefore, Christmas is a good place to start. For although lots of people don't know *what* "the Christmas spirit" is, they at least know *that* it is, that it has something to do with giving, and that there is less of it in evidence every year. Christmas should so obviously be centered in Christ, its purpose is so obviously the celebration of the birth

of the Redeemer, that it isn't too easy to make something else out of it, and where this has been attempted, it isn't too difficult to make people see that the picture is all wrong. It is therefore a logical jumping-off place for apostolic endeavor.

Launching a Campaign

When we (Catholic college students) launched our "Bring Back Christ to Christmas" campaign in Halifax last year, we didn't realize just how widespread the feeling was, just how many people felt as we did that Christmas had lost its true meaning for us. As in every attempt to make any effective change in our time, organization was the thing needed. Our economic, social, and educational living is so turned away from Christ that the individual is unable to do much to reorientate it. He may know that something is wrong, even know what is wrong, but he is just about powerless by himself to do much about it. Group action is a necessity.

This need for organization was something we realized more fully soon after we started working on our campaign. We met dozens of people who wanted to do something about the situation but didn't know how to go about it. We were prepared for skepticism and even derision and instead found enthusiasm and cooperation. Not everywhere of course, but in a great many places where we didn't expect it.

We got the idea from an American newspaper which carried a story on a large scale campaign engineered in Minneapolis. We had less than a month before Christmas to work in, a very small student body to do the work, and no cash. But we had enthusiasm. Much more important of course, we also had the Holy Spirit, and one of his top-notch instruments, in the person of one of our professors. She, with His wisdom, was the perfect combination of enthusiasm and prudence, and kept us from going too far in either direction.

Under her guidance and the direction of the college Sodality, executive committees were formed and the work began. Point one on the program was, of course, prayer. "Family rosary" in the residences each evening, with the lighting of the Advent wreath and the singing of the *Rorate Caeli* were aimed at giving us a fuller realization of Christmas and were offered for the success of the campaign.

We asked for and received our Archbishop's blessing. Protestant ministers gave their approval too. We decided to remain as anonymous as possible so that non-Catholics would not feel that it was a strictly Catholic undertaking. The newspaper editors

were the only people who refused us support because of this decision and we felt this loss negligible when we saw one of the Baptist churches displaying the title of a Sunday sermon as "Bring Back Christ to Christmas"—our slogan.

Minds and Hearts Via Eyes and Ears

The actual working out of the campaign was along simple lines. Since it was calculated to reach the minds and hearts of people, it first had to reach their eyes and ears. One of our major efforts was to effect a change in the general tone of Christmas decorations, to replace Rudolph with the Christ Child. The mayors of Halifax and Dartmouth led the way by erecting outdoor cribs as part of the civic decorations. The city's three leading department stores featured them prominently, with one particularly fine arrangement of life-sized figures in the main window. Several banks had cribs too, with just the Infant and the Manger. Three flower shops distributed printed copies of the legend of the Christmas rose with each order of flowers during the Christmas season.

We followed the principle behind big-time advertising—that if people see a thing and hear about it often enough, something is bound to sink in. Perhaps it is poor terminology to use the word "advertising" for the spreading of Christ. It has a distinctly unpleasant connotation for us today—the creation of an artificial demand for a supply so that the suppliers can become millionaires. And yet there is an analogy of sorts here. We were attempting to create a demand too, a demand for something we wanted to supply—Christ. The motive made the difference of course. We weren't out for personal gain, of a material sort at least. We wanted to share the wealth of the Christ-life, and in so doing gain more of it ourselves. We made this point clear to the business men whose aid we enlisted. There would be no gain for the firm of A. B. Smith because it gave us free services, but there would be gain for A. B. Smith, the man.

The motive, of course, wasn't the only thing that made our "advertising" different. The demand we sought to create wasn't at all artificial. We weren't trying to interest people in something they didn't need. We were trying to help them see what they did need.

It was in this field of advertising that we found some of our strongest and most generous support. Four different printing companies volunteered free work. One of them produced striking black and white posters bearing the campaign slogan "Bring Back Christ to Christmas" and a picture of the Divine Infant. A local

photo-engraving firm supplied the cut for the picture gratis. Car stickers bearing the slogan were donated by another company, and still another provided five thousand handbills bearing the slogan and a six-point program by which the individual could carry out the program.

The handbills asked readers to prepare by prayer for Christmas which is first and foremost a religious celebration, and to buy and send only greeting cards depicting some aspect of the Nativity. They also suggested that cribs be featured as part of the home decorations, perhaps placed beneath the tree, and that the children be told the wonderful story of the coming of the Christ Child Who belongs especially to them. They urged families to learn the Christmas carols and to sing them often together in their homes. Lastly they suggested that religious articles, in keeping with the true spirit of the season, be given to friends and relatives as gifts.

The handbills and car-stickers were distributed to individuals and organized groups in the Halifax area and right across the Dominion. All local trolley cars and buses, and many restaurants, stores, and other public places displayed the posters.

Schools were visited and the principals took handbills and posters for display, so that Haligonians from nine to ninety, if they moved out of their homes at all, were bound to see the reminders. The Halifax Infirmary and the veterans' hospital, Camp Hill, were interested too. Nativity scenes made by the veterans were erected in each of the seven wards at Camp Hill. Walter Callow, first World War veteran, who is blind and completely paralyzed, and who is well-known in Canada for his invention of the wheel-chair bus for invalids, was particularly interested in the effort.

Radio was not neglected. The director of a popular women's program devoted part of one of her periods to an explanation of the campaign and added her personal approval. The director of music in the city schools devoted one of her children's programs to the theme of restoring Christ to Christmas.

For a Happier Christmas

Once we had started, ideas came thick and fast. There were all kinds of people to interest, all sorts of angles to work on. But we realized that all the activity in the world would be fruitless unless it was an overflow of our own conviction and of our own effort to center our Christmas in Christ. To this end we did our best to carry out the six-point program on the hand-bill personally. We sent religious Christmas cards and sponsored a sale within

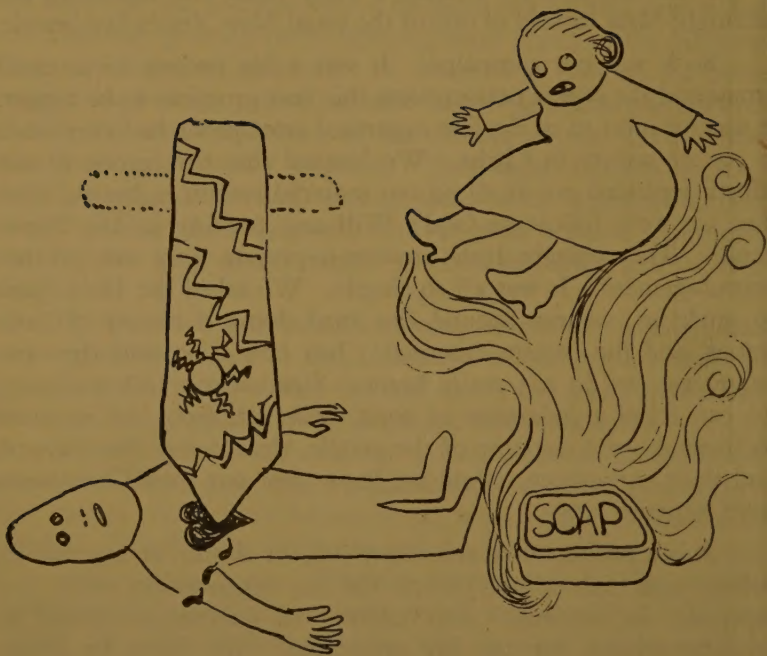
the college featuring Christian books and figurines made by Keramos of Turin, Italy, in the tradition of true Christian art.

In order to carry the Christmas spirit throughout the season and as an added sacrifice for the campaign's success, it was recommended that the campaigners celebrate the New Year and Feast of the Circumcision by making a Holy Hour and attending the midnight Mass instead of one of the usual New Year's Eve brawls.

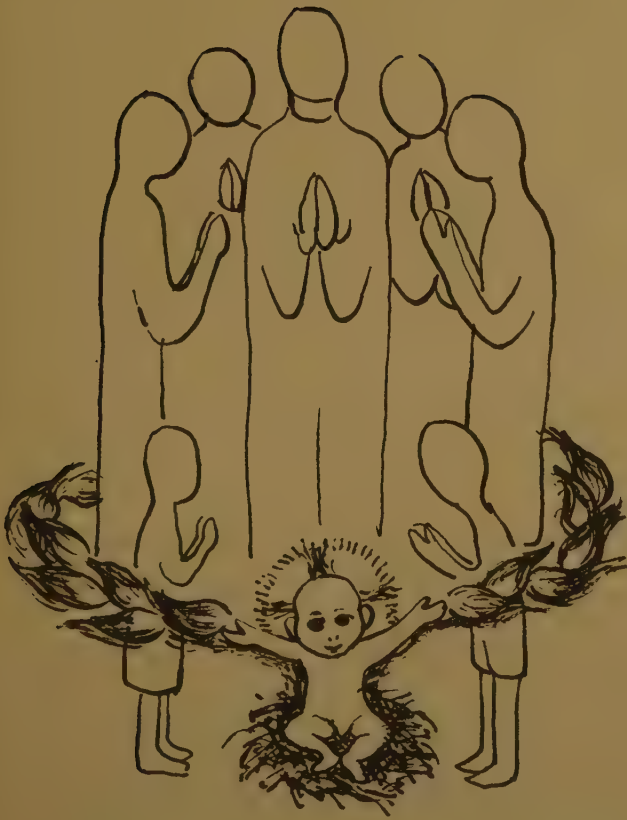
Such was our campaign. It was a big project for a small group and the repeat performance this year promises to be bigger. It was for most of us the first organized attempt we had ever made to restore society in Christ. We learned that the success of our efforts depended not at all on our material resources, but on whether we were following God's Will and trusting in His Providence. The constant little answers-to-prayers were our greatest encouragement. It was all so simple. We asked the Holy Spirit to guide us, we ran around like mad doing a variety of little things, and the pattern emerged. Just how successful the campaign was we do not really know. Since action follows being, we can form a judgment of sorts, however, from the outward indications—the response of the people, the interest they showed, and their enthusiasm. And we know that our own Christmases were happier.

It is a project to be recommended, we think, for any and all college and high school groups, for any organization really, but especially for students. Our educational institutions should be training schools for the lay apostolate. We learn by doing. The Christmas campaign is needed everywhere, can be carried out everywhere, and is an ideal means of growth in grace and wisdom for the novice in the apostolate.

ANNE MARIE MCCORMACK



A bargain tie for Bob and Bill,
Some scented soap for mother—



**Why not give at Christmas
Ourselves to one another?**

Christmas

There is this to be said about Christmas—either you care or you don't. If you do, the four weeks of Advent are hardly enough—for the Jewish people, it was four thousand years—because the orderly progression of thoughts and deeds and dispositions, to be slowly, consistently refined and quickened that the birth of the Lord of all will be met with a fitting cleanliness, is a narrowing process, all things converging at last on one glorious, bitter-sweet, heartbreakingly beautiful event. It is a lot to do in so little time. On the other hand, if you don't care, it is hardly enough either, and the process which starts out as orderly and broadens into an orgy of indulgence in the matter of gifts, food, alcohol and entertainment, refined or otherwise, is by its nature bound to grow in disorder until even the fragment of vague tradition which serves as excuse for it all is lost in confusion, and the whole thing is braked to a stop only by the number on a calendar. It is the unceasing tug of war between good and evil, rising periodically to crescendos marked by the great Christian feasts, and each year it can be, for those who care, more heavenly—for those who don't, more hellish.

That we do not see clearly where the line must be drawn is no special credit to Satan, at least not now. The master move was long ago, when he made the first snowball and gave it a push down the hill of man's turning away from God. And it has grown and grown as it rolled down the slopes of centuries until now it looms so large and, by virtue of its size, so overwhelmingly important, that to turn aside from its path and refuse to be caught up in its mad rush looks to be the puniest and most unreasonable of rebellions. It is not an easy rebellion. Because he is a master-craftsman, the evil one has left across the face of his masterpiece enough of Christian veneer to fool the wise men as well as the foolish. Does he not encourage the singing of the ancient hymns of anticipation—mood music for the herds of shoppers plunging and buffeting in a movement so tidal as to define what is the absolute law of the season? Merrily the merry gentlemen elbow and push and curse each other as they mob through Macy's men's shop. Wassail, wassail, oh men of good will, to the ring of cash in liquor store registers. And Saint Nicholas lives again, in the shapes and voices of an army of phonies, plying little children with candy and prodding the sales higher with "What do you want for Christmas, little girl?"

In a tangle of carols and platitudes and snips of Scripture, cascading out of radios and newspapers and magazines and television, the strangling is finally accomplished—the Birthday Child is forgotten. But the liturgy of materialism is fanatically observed, and in it we surrender to the rite of worshipping ourselves. All because Christ was born of a Virgin and was found lying in a manger. The Devil must be giggling with delight. He has turned the whole code of social ethics upside down, and in this instance the wrong people will be gifted, will be toasted, will be entertained. There are few who will dance, like *Le Jongleur*, for the entertainment of the Queen and her Infant Son.

No Time for Mere Sentimentality

Advent has many meanings. It is counted in four weeks purposely to reflect the four thousand years—and those four thousand years were a waiting in longing and loneliness and travail and persecution, but mostly longing. Advent for the Christian must most of all be marked by the longing. We have lived the year out, from Birth to Death and Resurrection and the coming of the Holy Spirit, and we have cluttered our souls with the garbage of our own sins. Now we are given the opportunity to become as little children, to warm our hearts and our hands and wait with a tremulous loving the beginning all over again. And because He came to man in a setting marked with irresistible appeal, we dare not forget that the picturesque proportions of stable and manger, Mother and Child, speak with as solemn a command to bow down and adore as the terror of the red sky and the Cross on Calvary. This is no time for mere sentimentality. This is the time for the first meeting with the reality of the Word made Flesh. We are to live our lives in Christ, and it is no Christmas card existence, even in its beginning. It is the first step on the way of the Cross, and God in infinite mercy has cloaked our meeting with it in a wedding of solemnity with unbounded joy.

Children can cut through the sentimentality of it with their tunnelling child logic. "Jesus was born in a barn, dear, with only Mary and Joseph and the ox and the ass to welcome Him."

"But mother—barns are so smelly!"

We forget that the cave that stabled the ox and the ass was not a garden of delight. Fountains of cologne did not cascade at the entrance, whether or not colognes are now called "Christmas Night."

"Christmas is the birthday of Little Lord Jesus, dear."

"Then shouldn't He have a present?"

And if we had our wits about us, the whole gigantic effort would shudder to a stop right there. For if there is no gift for Christ, there is no sense in giving to others. And if there are gifts for others which will kindle fires other than the fire of love for Christ, then it were better there were no gifts at all. The fires of holiday cheer will burn with a cold flame when the blasphemy of giving fifths of Scotch in His Name is over and done. The delights that kindle the hearts of children will serve only to wall them round with their own selfishness if they do not reflect the spirit of Him Who is all delight. Furs and Cadillacs and negligees and nylons will enchant and intoxicate and lull into silence the faint voices of souls seeking answers to despair in something beyond the boundaries of the touch and sound and taste of indulgence—and giving will accomplish only a further separation from God, not a binding to Him.

Christmas is no cosmetic to pancake over the colorless cheeks of a long winter. Nor is it a conventional excuse for the substitution of traditions, no matter how genteel, how chaste, how correct and refined, other than starkly Christian. Christmas is for Christ. The final fillip, the cherry on top of the whipped cream that is on top of the Devil's confection of Christmas is the notion that Christmas is for man. Christ is for man—but Christmas is His.

A Strange and Different Christmas

If by some good grace we were all suddenly to be given the gift to see things as they are, as the angels see them, as God sees them, what a strange and different time Christmas time would be. A great quiet would settle over all men everywhere, the first Sunday of Advent. And as the sun made its way around the globe and night fell on one hemisphere after another, families, and tribes, and nations, would stand in the stillness and watch the lighting of the first candles in the Advent wreaths—and with the small light from single candle flames the thought would circle the world . . . *four more weeks, and then He comes.* The circle of the wreath means eternity, and the purple ribbons that bind it mean penance—to be done because we are unworthy. It is because we are unworthy that He must come. The white candles mean He Who is coming is innocence Itself, and the light reminds us that He is the Light of the World.

Then because it is man's way to want to communicate joy, and rejoice in promises fulfilled, he would design greetings to shout of His endless glory. God put words into the mouths of angels—and they repeat and repeat His glory. Glory to God,

they say, and peace be to men. Not glory to man, and God hold your peace. Then the warehouses full of pointless Christmas cards would stand silent as tombs, drifted with dust. The genteel Currier and Ives with the chaste engraving would lie sterile and cold, incapable to the last flourish of communicating one single germ of Divine Love. The poke-bonneted ladies would wave their muffs and clutch their skirts and mince through cotton snowdrifts for all eternity—with no one to sing Seasons Greetings back to them. Noble etchings of Irish setters retrieving ducks would go forever unwanted, and English coaches filled with merry travelers would careen forever in the wake of prancing horses. Santas would freeze on chimney tops, and tons of family photographs would remain where they belong, in photograph albums, and manor doorways with cellophane windows would never open to reveal the vaguest of "all good wishes." Then the paintings of contemporary painters, of Vermont landscapes and Bermuda idylls, and obscure non-objectives and modern snow scenes, and coy reindeer and sophisticated angels, and skiers and skaters and snowmen and drinkers, would never be seen again on Christmas cards—because no one would be able to think of a single reason why they should.

People would plan their gift lists, and start on their shopping trips, but few would ever reach their destination—because on the way they would meet the poor and the cold and the hungry, and they would be unable to pass them by. In the poor homeless they would see many Marys, waiting vainly in the night while Joseph looks for shelter. And they would have to provide shelter. In the poor ragged they would see the shivering Child Whose mother had only the folds of a small bundle of swaddlings in which to wrap her stable-born Son. And they would have to clothe them. And in the poor hungry they would see Joseph, stirring a little fire and heating the simplest of meals, and they would have to feed them.

Giving Christ for Christmas

The glamor and the glitter (Make This a Glamor Christmas! A Glitter Christmas!), the lingerie and the frou-frous, perfumes and cigarette cases, would wait and wait and wait—because all the people who had started out to buy them, for all the reasons people do buy them, would think to themselves: "She really could do without them; life goes on even without alencon lace on your slip, and a monogram on your cigarette case. I think, instead, I will choose something that will help her to love God . . ." and the bookstores would be besieged with seekers after His Word.

But the shelves of best-selling novels, the case histories of psychopaths and the sexy adventures of the upper classes, the bawdy humor boys and the free-thinking theorists and the big-name blasphemers—they would rest quietly in furry silence until the age of petrification.

Lots of warm clothes would be sold, and the people who bought them *would give them to the people who need warm clothes*. ("I saw a man the other day when I was shopping—had on the worst looking overcoat I ever saw! Full of holes—you wouldn't think he could keep warm. You'd think he'd go to the Red Feather, or the Salvation Army, or the Hearth—or somewhere. Plenty of places where you can get good used clothes if you just go and ask.")

And there would be a big traffic in baskets of food, not for the well-fed, but from the well-fed and for the ill-fed—because there are lots of those and they need baskets of food.

And lots of rich men who had thought to give their wives and their sons and their daughters (one of each, naturally) television sets and fur coats and roadsters and diamond wrist watches, would say to them, by some strange compulsion: "I was going to buy you a television set, but there's our cleaning lady and her eight kids, and she's still trying to do the wash for them by hand. I think I'll get her a washing machine instead." And the cleaning lady would get the washing machine, and the rich man grace.

Then the people who had planned to spend lots of money entertaining more people, the *right* people, would sit down and figure out how much rice they could buy for how many orphans in how many ravaged missions, or how many jobless fathers they could give how many days' work to, and they would send the price of a lavish party to the war orphans, or the jobless fathers all other Christs, in the name of Christ. And for forty orphans fed with rice Christ would say, "Forty times you have fed Me." And for four fathers given jobs Christ would say, "Four times you have supported Me."

Other people, who had thought to buy themselves and their friends theatre tickets to elegant musicals and brittle comedies, would remember that hospitals were full of lonely, pain-racked, unhappy souls, and insane asylums full of lost, weary, despairing faces—and they would go and ask, "Who needs someone to talk to? Who wants someone to hold his hand and tell him he is loved?" And they would come away filled with a kind of joy never to be found in the conscientious dedication to amusing themselves.

Then the four weeks of Advent would pass with marvelous swiftness, and each week the new candle lighted would mean more and more, with anticipation reaching higher and higher and rising to such an exultant, sweet longing that souls would be close to bursting. The simplicity of His story would begin to burn with such a fire in the hearts of mothers and fathers that they would never hesitate again to tell their children that He is the *why* of Christmas—Santa Claus is not; that Santa Claus is really a very real saint, in Heaven now, waiting as we do to watch the glory of His birthday break over the world; that the gifts they will receive on His birthday will not be as many as before, because too many gifts and they will forget the why of giving. But the gifts will come as a gracious memento of Love Who gives Himself to us, for which reason Saint Nicholas gave them to small children when he was here on earth so many centuries ago.

Disciples of Le Jongleur

Together with their children, they would plan gifts for the little Christ, the most tangible gifts of all to Him, the gifts of the intangibles—denials of sweets, offerings of hurts, curbing of tongues, quieting of quarrels, gifts of bitter disappointments, and hurt feelings, and small heartaches as well as big. And to illuminate the gift that is giving one's self, they would tell—and this is the place for it—the story of *Le Jongleur du Notre Dame*; how he had nothing to give to the Queen of Heaven but himself and his talent. So he danced for her, all alone in the dark crypt before her statue—for one reason only, to give her heart delight. And while he lay in a swoon, exhausted, she descended from her niche over the altar and fanned his brow with her own mantle with the angels and the archangels around her. These are the words of the story:

Think you now that God would have prized his service if that he had not loved Him? By no means, however much he tumbled. But He prized it because of his love...of a truth, without love and without pity, before God all accounts for naught. God asks not for gold or for silver, but only for true love in the hearts of men, and this one loved God truly. And because of this, God prized his service.

Now the words of the carols are new and fresh, and the impatience of waiting is almost pain . . . "Bring your torches, Jeanette. Isabella, bring your torches, come—hurry and run! It is Jesus, good folk of the village—Christ is born, and Mary's calling. Ah, ah, beautiful is the Mother. Ah, ah, beautiful is her Son."

The Christmas tree spells out a mystery more poignant, more far-reaching than any of the legends surrounding its beginning for it tells of another tree, drenched in Divine Blood and on which blossom the fruits of the Redemption. Every shining thing that hangs from its branches, catches the light and reflects it across the face of the Infant Christ lying in His manger, sings of joy in the coming of Light. And the deeper the heart penetrates the mystery of it all, the farther the horizons of the season expand, beyond the brief, short-lived confusion of wrappings torn from presents and too many sweets. The day after His birthday is His martyr Stephen's feast day. Many generations of children have sung Good King Wenceslaus, but how many generations of parents have stood in the snow and pointed to footprints, like the footprints of the holy king, miraculously warm so the little page could endure the journey to the poor man with his master. The Feast of Saint Stephen is the time for setting aside some of the Christmas bounty, some of the Christmas dollars, to give, or send, to the poor—perhaps across thousands of miles which can be bridged only by the fire of divine charity. And close after this, the feast of the Holy Innocents, and every family with a baby will look at their own baby and ache with the anguish of mothers whose sons were torn from them to be spilled on the streets of Bethlehem in a terrible forecast. The mothers and fathers of the Holy Innocents are the companions of all those who have had to watch their own children suffer.

New Year's Eve and the Circumcision

Then comes the eve of the Circumcision, New Year's Eve. It is a particularly diabolic twist that leads people to drink themselves senseless on the night before Christ received His holy name, that name saved so many silent months in the heart of His mother after she heard it from Gabriel. And eight days after Christmas, the orgy of feasting is done—gathered up and tied together and bound round with one gigantic hangover. The Church celebrates the divine willingness to accept pain in the fulfillment of the Circumcision, on the clean first day of the New Year—and the celebrant at Mass pours the libation of wine become Blood. The celebrants of the night before, groping blindly in their medicine cabinets, and over drug store counters, and across the polished tops of bars, pour an answering libation in bromo-seltzers and headache powders and hairs-of-the-dog-that-bit-you. In the exhaustion of too much of everything, the universal groan is: "Thank God the holidays are over." But the Church awaits something more—the coming of the Three Wise Kings.

This is the night for the children to journey, crowned and bearing their gifts, singing the carol of the Three Kings, all through the house following the star, to the foot of Herod's throne (with Herod looking suspiciously like father) and ask for the way to the newborn King of the Jews. And Herod, mystified and alarmed, calls the scribe (looking suspiciously like mother) who reads from the words of the prophet: "And thou Bethlehem of the land of Juda are by no means the least of the princes of Juda; for from thee shall come forth a leader who shall rule my people Israel." Ah—Bethlehem, but of course. Do hurry, he advises, and when you find Him come back and tell me so I too may go and adore. So the Kings journey on, and at last—Bethlehem! They kneel and adore, and they give Him little empty boxes filled with so many daily deaths to self counted in the long waiting week of Advent. And the angel informs them—much whispered conversation with the angel—that Herod is a cruel beast and wants only to slay the Infant King, and they must hasten to leave by another route. So they do—while Herod sits fretfully in the lining room, muttering nastily about those blasted kings and why don't they return. And then the family feast—the feast of Epiphany, of Manifestation. He has manifested Himself to us in a hundred different forms, in the newborn, in the children, in the poor and the sick and the rich and the charitable, in all the Marys and the Josephs—in all the inanimate symbols of the season of His birth.

Either you care about Christmas—or you don't. God gave His Son away—brought Him forth from the bosom of Divine Love and hid Him in a manger. Christmas is the day.

MARY REED NEWLAND

**Tomorrow shall the iniquity of the earth be abolished:
and the Savior of the world shall reign over us.**

—From the Mass of the Vigil of Christmas.



**"Have your purchase gift-wrapped—
Save wear and tear and strain!"**



**The gifts of grace which we receive
No package could contain.**

The Comics and/or Literacy for Children

From the time a child is born he needs both physical and spiritual nourishment.

A child's first spiritual need is to know God. The Church, through Baptism, takes him right into God's kingdom and makes a formal introduction. Immediately God embraces the child, adopts him as His own heir and lays the wealth of His kingdom at his feet.

As the child grows older he meets the Adversary who spreads another kingdom before his eyes. The child will be tempted by the flattery and promises of the Adversary and may even fall into his trap. But the Church has the keys to set him free again, in the Sacrament of Penance.

Later on he is confirmed and strengthened in his faith and given seven special gifts. He is invited to take part as often as he likes in a heavenly feast where God feeds those who love Him with Himself.

The more a child can be made aware of the intense activity that takes place in his soul, the better he will be able to co-operate with the grace that is constantly being poured upon him through the Sacraments. It is one of the most gratifying tasks of parenthood to bring our children to a realization of the wonderful privilege that is theirs.

We parents begin almost before they can speak, by singing to them—and by showing them holy pictures and holy images. As they grow older we talk to them about God and about all the wonderful things He has made. We let them join in the prayers of the family, and little by little initiate them into the mysteries of the Rosary. We tell them stories and read to them about God.

Artistry Without Truth

There are not many good books about God for little children of pre-school age. We have to be very careful in our selection for many that are quite beautiful and charming and appealing are put out by non-Catholics, and may contain things that are not true. There is one that just came out this year—a delightful book with high artistic and literary merit, showing how all nations and creeds praise God. Now this in itself is dangerous for it gives the impression that one religion is as good as another in God's eyes. Besides this there is an implication that the souls of animals are no different from those of human beings.

We can also teach our children about God indirectly, through the things we do together, for one another and for others. Through people. Through stories about people, especially folk tales and fairy tales. Our Lord Himself used parables to illustrate and "bring home" to us truths about the kingdom of Heaven. In some fairy tales the truth is almost mystical. Cinderella, for example, can be looked upon as a figure of the Immaculate Conception, the glass slipper being a symbol for her spotless virginity. In this story, as in the reality it mirrors, the "mighty are put down from their seat and the humble are exalted."

When our children learn to read, it is mostly through the printed word that they learn. It is very important to continue to supervise their reading, for not everything that is printed leads to God. The paradox of literacy lies in this: Never have so many people been able to read and write; never have the means of communication been so perfected; and never has the printed word, or its substitute, the printed picture, been put to such ignoble use.

When G. K. Chesterton came to New York and saw the blazing lights along the Great White Way, he exclaimed: "What a beautiful sight! If only one couldn't read!"

Four thousand new books are being published this fall, one thousand of them being for children. Besides books, there is printed matter pouring down on us in the form of monthlies, weeklies, dailies, paperbound reprints, and comics.

Profit Motive and Children

Where there is such abundance, there is bound to be some good material, but there is much that is—to say the least—far from good. Where books are concerned, it would be impossible for us to wade through the terrific profusion in order to find just what our children need. Fortunately, most of this work is expertly done for us. Cathedral Branch of the New York Public Library puts out very good reading lists for all the grades in the Catholic schools, including high school.

The trouble with most of us is that we tend to rely too much on teachers at school and on reading lists. If we do not watch our children's reading habits they are going to be victimized by irresponsible peddlers of reading material—unscrupulous people governed solely by the profit motive who regard the American home as a market place and every member in it as a possible gold mine. We know that the drug store and the candy store are being used for the display and distribution of literature that is unfit for human consumption—all within the range of the children's allowances.

Comics are the center of a great deal of controversy. Two years ago John Mason Brown, in an article in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, called the comics the marijuana of the nursery. But they are thriving away.

They have been pointed to as one of the contributing causes of juvenile delinquency. And still they thrive.

A great many Catholics find them innocent enough, except for certain numbers which are considered indecent and immoral. Now Catholics cannot expect the secular world in general to be particularly sympathetic toward Catholic standards of decency, for they do not understand the ideal of purity that underlies our standards. The enlightened pagans attack the comics generally on esthetic grounds—or on the psychological effect of comics in general. So Catholics fight a single-handed battle against pornography. And comics continue to thrive.

Certain educational groups in New York, including the public library, tried to have the comics outlawed. But other influential groups, including *Parents' Magazine*, fought the campaign and won. It looks as though Big Business is behind the comics. So naturally they thrive on.

There are several varieties of comics.

The Funny Comic

Perhaps the least harmful member of the family is the strip that actually purports to be funny, such as "The Timid Soul," "Mutt and Jeff" and "Hubert." At least it makes an honest attempt to live up to its name. Through our sense of humor we are able to see ourselves as ridiculous creatures, and it is good to give this sense occasional exercise. The line drawing is particularly adept at caricature and satire. It will give at a glance what might otherwise take pages of explanations. That the level of humor in the comics is relatively low does not mean that it cannot be an art in itself. But a little of it goes a long way.

The Adventure Comic

The adventure comic (including the "supernatural" strip) is anything but comical. Communists say that religion is the opiate of the people. It can certainly be said of American children that opiates are their religion. They live in an unreal world of cowboys and bandits and racketeers and criminals and strange creatures from the outer spaces and superhuman monstrosities. "Superman" and "Dick Tracy," only two of dozens, are in this category.

Now a certain amount of adventure is good for our children as a means of recreation. It would be better if it were first-hand adventure instead of second-hand, but many children are so adven-

nourous by nature that some mothers are well content that they should take a spectator's seat for a change. But what the comics call adventure is an assault on the imagination, an assault so violent as to cause a sort of hypnotic state, to which children become addicted.

There is only one good thing about the adventure comic, and that is that it is an indication that our children are being deprived of some spiritual vitamins. They are being over-sheltered. We have tried too hard to shield them from the knowledge of death and pain and suffering and disappointment. Now these are the raw ingredients of reality, and in trying to spare our children we are cheating them of vital experiences. So they make up for the lack of spiritual muscle-builders by overindulgence in blood-curdling horrors that have no bearing on life.

The old folk tales and fairy tales never minced the facts of life by pretending the world was a garden of Eden. You knew Bluebeard could be very wicked because you knew there was a Devil. You knew the naked Emperor really believed he was clothed in purple because you knew there was human pride and human hypocrisy. You laughed at human greed and its right deserts in the story of the Three Wishes. You didn't really mind the wolf's eating up Little Red Riding Hood, because she had done a terrible thing—she had been *disobedient*. Modern sentimentalists, while not bothering to correct her disobedience, have eliminated her punishment, giving the effect that if one is darling and has a cunning little red hood, disobedience does not matter. They quailed in horror at the thought of just punishment for sin. So now their children read about strange characters slitting one another's throats in comics in which throat-slitting is merely a matter of sensationalism—not of justice.

Love Comics

Parents who have not been shocked by the bad taste and vulgarity of other types of comics, finally are outraged by the love comics. Of course they are right to complain of the attacks being made on their children's purity. But if they would eliminate pornography from comics, they must attack it on every other literary level, for there is not one level that is not completely riddled with it. Our most expensive magazines, our most highly-praised best sellers, are full of deliberate sexiness. This thing has to be fought in public and in private, but, if we want to be effective, we must be consistent. We must constitute ourselves into private legions of decency, banning from our homes all those books, magazines and papers in which modesty and decency are violated. The

Church has always been the leaven of purity. To belong to her is a privilege that sets us apart from others. If a book is impure—no matter how high its literary standing, no matter how artistic its conception—it has no place in the home of a Catholic.

The Good Comics

Perhaps the most controversial variety of the comic is the one called the good comic.

Under this head we get those condensations of the classics, like Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, or Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.

Some parents think that they can lead a child to good books by letting him read comic book versions first. It won't work. It is like trying to get a child to eat spinach by allowing him to eat chocolate marshmallows out of the spinach-pot. As long as he can get the marshmallows, he'll never eat the spinach. Furthermore, this babying confirms him in his prejudice against good literature. It must be very nasty medicine, he concludes, if it needs so much flossing up! The child's mind is thus conditioned. He misses out on the real thing. He is given a shoddy substitute. His taste is perverted. He has been badly cheated.

The Religious Comic

The religious comic comes in for the same sort of criticism. Now the Church, in her solicitude for simple, child-like souls, has always encouraged the sort of visual instruction represented by holy pictures. A religious comic, it would seem, is merely a succession of holy pictures telling a story, as the Stations of the Cross show the progression of Christ's passion.

In an age when visual education is highly endorsed by the schools, it is natural that some authorities should make use of a medium as popular as the comics for the inculcation of our religious truths. There are some saints, such as Saint Isaac Jogues and Saint Joan of Arc, whose highly adventurous lives are easily adapted to the medium of the comic strip. Certain parts of Our Lord's life, too, can be made vivid and compelling by a dramatic succession of drawings—especially the miracles. But let us not forget that the comic is a vehicle for the assuagement of a universal thirst for signs and wonders. It is a world in which cruelty out-herods Herod and magic wonder-creatures out-do all the miracles in the Bible. Putting the life of Christ into this medium means subjecting it to competition in sensationalism.

Furthermore the medium has its limitations. It lends itself chiefly to externals, as expressed in action. The greater part of

Christ's message is directed to the heart. It does not need elaboration. What it requires is meditation.

The danger is that, in attempting to fight those comics that are truly objectionable, too great emphasis will be laid on religious comics as a substitute. They are apt to be forced on children capable of a much deeper approach to the truths of their faith, as I believe most children to be. Too many people mistake simplicity for stupidity.

The Fare of Saints

I cannot understand why Catholics, who have such beautiful means for teaching the faith, should have to resort to such cheap, ugly ones. Our children are potential saints, and only the fare of saints should be good enough for them.

There is no substitute for bad comics, any more than there is a substitute for poison. Our children will continue to be at the mercy of all sorts of poison-vendors, as long as we starve their systems of the spiritual nourishment of the Word of God.

Reading should satisfy spiritual needs. Arnold Bennett, in his *Literary Taste*, talks of the vital essence breathed into the reader by the writer. Reading breathes into the reader a life-giving essence which should be translated into living. To integrate reading with living is to translate a book into action or into a philosophy of life.

Our Lord's revelations to us in the Gospel are acts of pure love. He wills that we talk back to Him, that we return to Him the fruit of that love through prayer, and action. Above all, He asked us to "suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

It is really wonderful, how much of spiritual reality our children do grasp. I heard about a little girl of six telling her brother about the soul (theologically, even if not quite accurately).

"The soul is what shapes the body," she said. She had never seen a dead person, but she had seen a dead bird, and she used it for illustration. "You know when a bird dies, it loses its shape. It goes all limp. That's what happens to our bodies when we die."

Children's minds can absorb and assimilate great truths, if they are given a chance to try.

Bible reading makes fascinating reading for children. My oldest daughter, who at present is taking care of eight little children under eight, tells me her children love Bible stories. They were spellbound when she told them about David and Goliath, and ran in great excitement to repeat what they had heard to their parents.

Every child who has not heard the Bible read aloud suffers irreparable loss. Though he may not fully understand it at the time, the majesty of its cadences and the mystery of its revelations linger in his mind long afterward, building a background for the growing light of intelligence.

Besides the Bible, every child should know all that can be known about his patron saint. Some children start scrapbooks collecting everything they can find about their patron saints. Others can build a little library collection around them.

The best way for children to learn the Bible is in connection with the liturgy. It is a good practice for families to get together on Saturday evenings for a study of the Sunday Mass. Starting with the First Sunday in Advent the Church reviews before our eyes the magnificent procession of all the patriarchs and prophets, above all Isaias, Saint John the Baptist, Saint Joseph, and Our Lady, who, in her obedience, fulfilled all the Messianic hopes of the Old Testament.

With every Sunday in Advent we feel the urgency of the desire for the coming of the Savior. Little children can join their voices with those of their parents in the words so expressive of longing: "Come, Lord, tarry no longer," "The Lord is nigh, come let us adore Him," "Come, Lord, and save us," and so forth, all through the season of Advent. This is the best way to prepare for Christmas. It helps us to see Our Lord as the center of the whole history of the world. It is a reminder of the long years when God's chosen people looked forward to the promise of the Redeemer. It is a preparation for the coming of Our Lord's new birth in each one of us, on this particular Christmas of 1951. It is a sample of the anticipation with which we await His coming in glory at the end of time.

Of course, if we want to guide our children we must begin by being good guides. Sanctity cannot be taught. It must be caught. We, too, need to ponder over the mysteries of our scriptural heritage. We too, need to integrate ourselves with the liturgy which is the life of our Divine Lord in the Church.

ELAINE MALLEY

Christ the King

In Christ, royalty is carried to a perfection which can only be found in His royalty. Nevertheless He keeps all the formal characteristics of a king such as they are described by Aristotle and Saint Thomas.

It is necessary, writes Saint Thomas in his commentary on the *Politics* of Aristotle, that the king who rules for a lifetime, and possesses unlimited power over all things, should differ in nature from his subjects by the immensity of his goodness while remaining at the same time one of their kind—he must at least belong to the human species, and it were preferable that he also belong to the same race as his subjects. Now Christ governs for ever. "He shall reign eternally" (Luke I, 32). He possesses unlimited power over all things. "Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature; for in Him were all things created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominations, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by Him and in Him. And He is before all and by Him all things consist. And He is the head of the body, the Church, who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things He may hold the primacy. Because in Him it has well pleased the Father that all fullness should dwell" (Col. I—15-19). Christ is our Head because of the grace He communicates to us and which He has merited for us by His Passion; but His reign extends also over the angels whose Head He is in virtue of His authority. And how could His reign be "not of this world" and extend itself in a universal and efficient manner over heavenly things if He were not even king of all earthly kingdoms? "He has placed everything beneath His feet." Because of His divinity His nature is different from that of His subjects, but He is also of their race. "The Word was made flesh" (John I, 14). He is of their kind: "Son of man" (John I, 51), "Son of Adam" (Luke III-38). He belongs to the same nation: "the Liberator shall come from Sion." (Is. LIX-20 and Rom. XI-26) He is not even a stranger to the Royal House of Israel: "God shall give him the throne of David his father" (Luke I-32).

"Absolutely speaking, it is always better to have a king who reigns by election than one who reigns by right of succession . . . for reign must be a voluntary government. . . . When subjects no longer want the king to rule over them he is no longer a king but a tyrant. A tyrant is the ruler of those who do not want him

to rule over them." Thus Saint Thomas in the *Summa*. Now Christ is a king chosen by His people for, says Saint Thomas, "the annunciation asked the Virgin's consent in the name of all mankind," and this consent was perfectly free. It was fitting to announce to Our Lady that she was to conceive Christ in order that she might offer to God the gift of her *voluntary service*. And this she did promptly, saying "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Now the Virgin accepted not only her motherhood but also the royalty of her Son: "The Lord shall give Him the throne of David His father and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever."

"Not . . . Servants But Friends"

The good king governs free subjects, citizens, and he treats them as friends. "Tyrants may hope to have friends but in reality they never find any. This is because they seek only their own advantage instead of the common good and have little or no communication with their subjects. Now friendship is founded on something held in common. Friendships are made through family ties, or by the same way of life, or by social contacts. But there is little or no friendship between a subject and a tyrant, for the subjects do not feel themselves to be loved . . . on the contrary, when good rulers strive with all their might to promote the common good, subjects know that society owes them a host of advantages. . . . Kings make many friends by showing themselves to be friends of the people. . . . It is therefore very hard to shake the throne of a prince who is secure in the general affection of his subjects." Now does not Christ say to us: "I will not now call you servants but friends" (John XV-15). "Now therefore you are no more strangers and foreigners but you are fellow citizens with the saints and members of God's family" (Eph. II, 19). "The king ought to know that he must be to his kingdom what the soul is to the body and what God is to the world . . . regarding as members of his body those who are subjects of his realm." Now Christ treats His subjects as the members of His own body: "We are members of his body" (Eph. V-30).

But there is perhaps nothing which marks better the overwhelming perfection of Christ's royalty than the way He regards the good of His kingdom. "The tyrant," says Aristotle, "seeks his own advantage but the king, the good of his subjects." Contrary to the tyrant who seeks the common good for his own profit, the king is good in the measure that he considers his own good to be the pursuit of the common good of his kingdom. Nevertheless there is only one king who can attain extreme perfection in this

matter and that is Christ. Every other king must possess in a just order certain goods of his own—and which are his own to the exclusion of others. But in the case of Christ the King there is an identity between His good and the common good of His kingdom. This good is nothing else than objective beatitude: the vision of God as He is in Himself. Now Divinity is the good of Christ as God, not of Christ as man. God can be the personal good only of God. Out of all proportion to the limited capacity of created beings, the personal good of God is uncommunicable as a personal good to such beings. God can only communicate Himself as a common good. Thus the soul of Christ Himself does not possess in the beatific vision an all-comprehensive knowledge of the Divine Essence. Its formal beatitude is limited. All the same, the personal good of Christ in His Divinity and the common good of His soul are the same good belonging to the same Person. This is why, in His case, we must say that the king's personal good and the good of his kingdom are identical. Moreover, the Word was made flesh. He is a Savior; He governs not for Himself but *for us and for our salvation*—only for the good of those subject to Him. For Himself, he does not even keep a stone whereon he can rest his head. This is why the reign of Christ the King is the most perfect reign of all.

CHARLES DE KONINCK

This is a translation from the *Laval Theologique et Philosophique*, 1950.

MIDWIVES

... or just WIVES, will find that two of INTEGRITY's reprints elaborate the ideals and principles the Holy Father talked about in his recent address.

RHYTHM, by Fr. Hugh Calkins..... 10¢

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**Earnest Christmas shoppers
How we race and shove,
Crowding, bumping, pushing — — —**



Those who need our love.

BOOK REVIEWS

Don't Send My Boy to College

GOD AND MAN AT YALE
By William F Buckley, Jr.
Regnery, \$3.50

There is something rather ironic about this book.

Hordes of Catholic students are attending secular colleges throughout the United States. What the secular colleges are teaching is about as remote from, and antagonistic to, the Catholic faith as possible. The Newman Clubs whose duty it is to protect the Catholic students in these unfortunate circumstances, by and large adopt an official policy that looks very much like compromise. This means that instead of facing up to the *intellectual* situation, so as to meet the challenge at its roots, they cater to the mediocrity and the considerably-less-than-noble motives of the average student and arrange an exhausting program of predominantly social activities. Because they try for numbers instead of working with the nature of the problem, in the end even the numbers escape them. Certainly the first great loss, which they hardly notice, is that of serious and gifted students, of the young men and women who come to college searching for truth, who have the generosity and the nobility of heart to make every sacrifice for an ideal, but who are not the slightest bit interested in a watered down approach or a round of picnics and dances.

Father Feeney tried the intellectual approach at Harvard with phenomenal results which stand, in some respects, as a permanent good and a lesson despite the subsequent tragic failure of his group. St. Benedict's Center attracted the highest caliber of students, was responsible for many conversions, many vocations, and the strong Catholicity of a lot of young men and women who might well otherwise now be outside the Church. Newman Clubs should have the humility to learn from Fr. Feeney that they ought to dare great things. If instead they conclude smugly that it is better not to enter any intellectual arenas, it will be very unfortunate because for one thing the harm they do by their sins of omission, though hard to measure exactly, may be tremendous. And for another thing someone is going to challenge the colleges even if they aren't, so they will have missed an opportunity for leadership which they may regret.

Which brings us back to *God and Man at Yale*. Although the book doesn't indicate it, I understand that the author is a Catholic. He was graduated from Yale in 1950. Apparently quite on his own, he has undertaken to challenge the current Yale curriculum, fearlessly and brilliantly. As I write this, only a week or two after publication, the first edition is already sold out.

Mr. Buckley is an ultra-conservative, which (so he says) is the new radicalism. He has a keen, logical and accurate mind. He was the editor of the *Yale Daily News*, and writes forcefully. His thesis is this: Traditionally, and in the minds of the alumni, Yale upholds Christianity and individualism (along with capitalism). The present bias at Yale is anti-Christian and socialist-collectivist. The alumni ought to be informed be-

cause the university is accountable to them. By right, and because they hold the purse strings, they control Yale's policies.

No defense of Christianity or capitalism or individualism as such is made in the book. It is not an apologetical treatise. With respect to religion the author merely shows that there is precious little, if any, championing of Christianity at Yale but that agnosticism and atheism are openly applauded by some teachers. He gives names and courses, citing especially the case of the late Professor Kennedy who taught Basic Sociology and Anthropology and openly mocked religion.

Mr. Buckley's plea for conservative economics is longer and more eloquent even than that for Christianity. Mr. Buckley is a rugged individualist and private enterpriser. The teachers at Yale are Keynesian socialists and the official textbooks are very biased toward government ownership. It is interesting to see an unpopular cause (in fact, a dead cause) so brilliantly defended, even though the atmosphere gets a bit stuffy now and then. There is no evidence what ever that Mr. Buckley ever read any Chesterton or Belloc, knows anything about the problem of usury, the subject of the common good, or has read the social encyclicals of the Popes. Consequently he makes a few bold statements which are patently erroneous in the light of Catholic philosophy. Nevertheless his negative criticisms mostly stand.

God and Man at Yale will find great favor with capitalists, republicans, conservatives of all sorts. There is very much good in it. However, it just isn't true that colleges are ultimately accountable to alumni. They are ultimately accountable to God. Truth *is*, and Mr. Buckley doesn't quite push this idea to its logical consequences. If he did, Yale would be seen to be in need of even more drastic repairs. But as it is, although his book seems drastic it is still on the superficial level. To give one curious instance, Protestant Episcopal Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill is a member of the Yale Corporation. He is presumed by Mr. Buckley to represent one of the forces for Christianity. Yet the Protestant Christians are themselves in an indeterminate position and this ought to be taken into account. Bishop Sherrill has just (Nov. 1st) been authorized by the National Council of Churches to head the Protestant protest against the appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican.

If Mr. Buckley's ardor had been focused on championing Christianity as such rather than on conservatism (presumably he would have been so-focused if he had fallen under strong Catholic intellectual and spiritual influence), I doubt that he could have written this precise book. Which would have been a pity—or wouldn't it have been? He might have left Yale for the Trappists, or just have left Yale, or have made a less popular type of criticism and been classed as a fanatic. As it is I see him rapidly rising to the chairmanship of the Board of Directors of General Motors or U. S. Steel.

PETER MICHAELS

Troubled Consciences

GUILT

By Caryll Houselander
Sheed & Ward, \$3.75

Not so very long ago there appeared in English translation a German novel, *Song At The Scaffold*, by Gertrud von Le Fort. Here the author is dramatizing a true incident that

took place three centuries ago during the French Revolution when the seed of individualism planted in the Renaissance was beginning to spread its vines up over the surface of political events. It is the story of how an apparently insignificant useless little person could by the grace of God bear upon her shoulders the fear and shame of her whole generation's guilt and thus offer atonement for its sins.

Now comes a book by an English essayist-artist-novelist, Caryll Houselander—a convert like Von Le Fort (also, a woman—the shes *would* know about the subject of guilt). One is startled into recalling the earlier novel for upon both writers is impressed the vision of a world entering with Christ into the Garden of Gethsemane. Miss Houselander's book you might call a psychological essay. It is diffuse and rambling—but shocking, charged as it is with the electricity of truth. It acts like a receptionist pointing the way to the doctor's office but is too diffuse to be of much assistance to him in applying the remedy. But its thesis is of such significance that one would like to quote more at length than is usual in a review so you will see how the arguments develop.

Miss Houselander is alarmed because we—unlike the little heroine of the novel, who fulfilled herself and in so doing led the world one step further to its fulfillment—

. . . will not, and spiritually devitalized as we are today, cannot, face our own guilt, that terrible force of agelong evil and suffering which is the inheritance of every descendent of Adam.

although

it is impossible as Christians to live without accepting what He (Christ) accepted as a man, that is, not only a fragment of the world's guilt, but all of it, all the suffering caused by sin, the world sorrow.

For Houselander "Escape . . . is a keyword in the study of guilt."

Now, "all the means to escape from guilt destroy personality, because they are all acts of self love."

The person who really loves self exclusively almost invariably suffers from an unresolved guilt conflict, guilt which he has never faced squarely, never admitted to himself, done nothing at all to expiate; and consequently guilt seeps into all his emotions and poisons them.

He falls into self-delusion. Unfortunately, the three great safeguards against self-delusion: an infallible moral teaching, the sacrament of Penance, and the doctrine of Purgatory . . . all three the Reformers let go: and with them the means

by which men would know what sin is . . . It is characteristic of . . . (Protestant) sects that the often overwhelming sense of guilt is dislocated, removed from its real cause, sin, to some other cause altogether . . .

wine, sex, and song, for instance.

The touchstone of the effect of guilt upon man is his awareness or unawareness of God,—or again whether, even when he realizes that God is present to him, this makes him more conscious of God or of himself.

Take a look at Adam and his fig leaves.

Modern man is obsessed by himself, and the obsession is an unhappy one . . . He has even ceased to know what man is . . . He thinks that his bewilderment is caused by a lack of knowledge about himself . . . the real source of his bewilderment is lack of knowledge about God . . .

But,

. . . the man of faith who knows God, sees suffering as something which he can use to expiate his own sins and so come into closer union with God . . . he can use his suffering to ease that of mankind in general.

The most striking thing—and it is one of the very few things that people so diverse as the saints have in common—is the willingness to suffer . . . (The saint) knowing himself to be a sinner . . . acknowledges . . . his debt, which must be paid in the coin of suffering. The rest of men refuse to acknowledge *a debt* at all.

The person who will not take any risk to enter into contact with others, to pay his part of the debt of human conflict and suffering, inhibits his capacity for love . . .

Men are beginning to discover now that they have largely lost the power to love, and in this is their failure as human beings.

But

The one essential for sanctity is the capacity to love.

And

Sanctity is the only cure for the vast unhappiness of our universal failure as human beings. . . .

We hear *that* a lot these days.

But now how to get off the horns of the dilemma upon which Miss Houselander sees us ego-neurotics hanging—how to become willing to suffer when we aren't willing, in order to become able to love when we can't love, in order to come closer to wholeness and God. Miss Houselander is not very successful in helping us off—not because she doesn't have the solution but because it gets lost in the diffuseness and disclarity of the book. One wonders—and says so very timorously for one is not a scholar of such matters—if Miss Houselander's repetitiousness has any relation to the clouds that sometimes gather around other devotees of the great psychologist C. C. Jung. Here follows a digression which is hard to resist. It is interesting that Miss Houselander herself gives clues as to where the loopholes might appear in the master's thinking through which his lambs can go straying. She says: "the more an individual concentrates on himself . . . the less does he know himself as he is." His knowledge of himself he gains as he grows in knowledge of God. But Jung is a con-

fessed agnostic. Secondly, what Miss Houselander calls guilt and its potential suffering "original sin," Jung calls "the Shadow." Now, it is much easier to grapple with *sin* than with a *Shadow*. Again, would Jung the psychoanalyst be able to accept her statement that "outside of sacramental Confession, confessing does not bring lasting relief," nay, may even lead to "more and more distress and ultimately a collapse of the whole personality." For some reason—whether it has anything to do with her immersion in Jungian psychology one does not know—Miss Houselander has an almost perfect record of failure in giving life blood to her eleven case histories at the end of the book. Her sketches of the saints she selects to prove her points are so threadbare they offer no convincing proof that "it is only the saint who accepts the realization and responsibility of guilt and is not broken by it." And as for the sinners, my gracious, they become about as gruesome an itemization of sins as one can find outside of the Inquisition. By the time you get through reading the book and with only two more pages to go, you may well be in the same position of one earnest soul we know who was left trapped with the vague fear that every sinner mentioned was sitting in her lap. But then she only read the book once and in a hurry. Upon second reading it is easier to dig out and keep in sight the life-line that Miss Houselander extends to us. This is the direction in which our help will lie. First of all, if we neurotics are to get on the road to sanity we must recognize that

we are that which God loves. It is in this knowledge that there exists just that kernel of reassurance that is so desperately needed by the hesitating and faltering human beings that we are.

It is not by an impersonal study of theology that we come to this kind of knowledge of God, but by responding to His will to love us, by *not resisting His love*. . . .

Once we realize this, it must become obvious that we have no need to be ashamed of our personal insufficiency, or to be surprised by the pattern of our neurosis, with its apparently insane egoism and unreasonable demands, or of our torturing sense of helplessness and nothingness, or of our seemingly inordinate and insatiable longing to be loved. Naturally, when these demands are directed to other human creatures instead of to God they cannot be met, and must become grotesque and ludicrous but in themselves they are right and reasonable. . . .

What is it that the neurotic invariably demands? It is to be loved inordinately, to be the absorbing and exclusive object of someone's love. . . . And the most striking and frequent characteristic of criminals and of lunatics? Surely, personal aggrandizement. . . . The neurotic is broken, but he is broken on the rock of truth, for he is in fact infinitely loved. If he were not, he would cease to be. . . .

As to aggrandizement, the poor lunatic who thinks he is God comes far closer to realizing what he is made for than the mediocre person who is resigned to snivel his way through life, preferring to be a poor fellow rather than make the effort or take the risk involved in being anything else!

It is—one cannot repeat too often—possible for a neurotic to be a saint. On the other hand . . . No one ever became a saint

because he was neurotic, though anyone could become a saint through the truly heroic means of sanctifying his neurosis.

The beginning of integrity is not effort, but surrender; it is simply the opening of the heart to receive that for which the heart is longing. The healing of mankind begins whenever any man ceases to resist the love of God.

The third part of the book, the most succinct and orderly and original, may prove to be a real contribution to the study of psychology. Here, Miss Houselander understands man's personality as being composed of three elements—Childhood, Sonship and Soulship. These three elements are with him at every moment as he goes from babyhood to manhood. Each element must be realized in full if the personality is to be whole. This tripartite nature corresponds in matter to the supernatural nature of the Trinity. There is an appealing element of safety in thinking that one might possess a personality which bears even more relation to the Blessed Trinity than the number three. Somehow, the concept that one is the compendium of a struggle between the triumverate, Ego, Super-ego and Id—a struggle which never seems to let up except by very tenuous compromise—is hardly comforting and may not have decreased noticeably the number of neurotics. One cannot help but wonder if Miss Houselander's more rational conception of human personality might not be an important contribution in releasing psychological study from its exclusive and sterile focus on man. However that may be, one believes that in spite of her proximity her study will prove of great help to us ego-neurotics who read her book (and those ego-neurotics who have to live with us) in glimpsing the essential situation which goes on behind the curtain of outer events and of realizing that

The neurotics and psychotics who suffer continually from fear and from a tormenting sense of guilt, as well as those who accept their own perfectly real shame and the grief for their own sins, go with Christ into Gethsemane, and those who surrender themselves in these bitter trials to God's Will, as Christ did, are crowned with Him with His crown of thorns.

This is an important book in turning us to the real nature and significance of our troubles.

NELL SONNEMANN

Liturgical Leavening

ORATE FRATRES
The Liturgical Press,
Collegeville, Minn., 50¢

Orate Fratres is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with a thick double-issue at 50¢, containing articles by its associate editors. Although this magazine has a very small circulation compared to what it deserves, it has been very influential in leavening the American Church liturgically. It should interest many more people. The editors have plans for making it a little more popular in style and possibly changing its name. The subscription price is \$2.50, \$3.00 in Canada. Single issues, except this one, are 25¢.

CAROL JACKSON

We Pray Standing Up

PRAYING WHILE YOU WORK
Devotions for the Use of
Martha Rather than Mary
By Dom Hubert van Zeller, OSB
Templegate, \$2.00

This is a much needed book. Fr. van Zeller is a past-master at taking the kernel, the meat of the nut, out of its shell and setting it right before your eyes so there will be no confusing it with its

container. The style is familiar—very direct, pithy essays treating, in this instance, with the spiritual life for wives and mothers. For people who have accomplished some progress in the interior life, this book says nothing *new*—but it says many things to illuminate the things they already know. And although he directs it to “Marthas rather than Marys,” in a kind of domestic sense, a high school teacher who read it said to me: “You know, you can substitute *pupils* and *classrooms* for *children* and *kitchen*, and behold—he is talking to me.” Also, my husband has been reading it and thinks it should be pointed out that it is not just woman-talk.

The author acknowledges the need of beginners in the life of prayer to use obvious methods, uniting household chores to the chores at Nazareth, imagining one is there, and so on—but always he prods the soul in the direction of simply being with God, arriving at the point where wanting His will and embracing it in whatever is the work of the moment is the only motive. “The whole business of serving God becomes simply a matter of adjusting yourself to the pressures of existing conditions. This is the particular sanctity for you.” Which is something many good and fervent souls do not understand. A dear friend, at the moment expecting her eighth child and bowed down under the burden of much work, many cares and ebbing stamina, read it and said: “It’s so good to be told all this is holy and worthwhile. How do women who don’t know it ever find the courage to go on?”

He touches many aspects of domestic life and spirituality, for instance, The Commonsense Fallacy: “If the Catholic makes commonsense his guide, he reduces his service of God to a service of human wisdom . . . the whole point of commonsense is that it is the sense of the common man—and so it is not a supernatural act at all.” And the Sense of Humor Fallacy: “A sense of God saves the soul, a sense of sin saves the soul. Humor is a happy accident: It does not save anything.” There is a very nice piece on the business of married women and their extra-marital forays—whether imaginative or otherwise. There is an especially good piece on the obligation of the comfortable toward the poor—and he sweeps all the reasons people give for not providing for the poor into the dustpan and says: “By all means advance your excuses. But call them excuses. For heaven’s sake do not talk nonsense about the call to total renunciation being impractical and therefore not to be bothered about.” This one got a loud shout of approval from my husband.

The last half of the book is a series of patterns for prayers in almost any situation—beautiful prayers, but prayers which are meant to be models rather than to be memorized. Prayer when in a Bad Mood; Prayer when in a Good Mood; Prayer when Unable to Sleep (badly needed in this the age of the sleeping pill); Prayer when being Made a Fool of; and Prayer

when Exhausted by Housework—many more. And for all the laity who are reaching out and climbing up the steep hill of life in Christ, it is a valuable road map.

MARY REED NEWLAND

Saint Without Sanctity

TERESA OF AVILA
By Kate O'Brien
Sheed & Ward, \$2.00

Students made happy by newsstand condensations of the classics will find *Teresa of Avila* a pleasant shortcut to knowledge about one of the world's greatest women.

Miss O'Brien has put the life of the sixteenth century contemplative into less than ninety comfortable pages in "an attempt to present the great saint in her human respect, in her personal appeal to one very far removed from understanding of saintliness."

The fallacy is that her "human respect," her "personal appeal," cannot be divorced from her supernatural motivations and—as the author elsewhere admits—sanctity is "the catch" in explaining Teresa.

A failure to fully understand this sanctity is indicated by the author, for instance, when she takes the saint to task for a seeming harshness to an aspirant to one of the foundations. The young woman wanted to bring her own copy of the Old Testament. "No, my child," said Teresa. "Don't come to us with your Bible."

"And rightly," comments Miss O'Brien, "as we think from where we sit now, the young woman withdrew politely with her Bible, and sought no more to join the Reformed Carmelites."

It would seem that the author's sympathy for the young woman is a bit misplaced and possibly has blinded her to the requirements necessary for a persevering postulant in the Reformed Order—obedience and humility, to name two.

Teresa had had ample demonstration of what the lack of such requirements could do during her years at the Incarnation; she should be permitted making such a "test" in view of what she was so brilliantly to accomplish with the Reform.

The book necessarily treats sketchily of Teresa's individual relations with nuns and friars, cardinals and kings, family and Inquisitionists (as well as with "His Majesty") during that turbulent era when Spain was earning her title as the fortress of the Church.

Even the little "half-monk," the great John of the Cross, receives only time to be poorly introduced, as in the case of a hostess more interested in the hors d'oeuvres than late arrivals.

His entrance does, however, provide the lever with which Miss O'Brien may "wonder" if the saint knew her men as well as she obviously knew her women.

"Her enthusiasm for Gracian," she says, "contrasts puzzlingly with her measured, not to say casual, appreciation of John of the Cross."

But keys to Saint Teresa's thought lie less in intonations or quantity of words than in their supernatural qualifications. It should be very clear to anyone who reads *her* that the only person who never disappointed her expectations was John of the Cross.

CAROL DAVIS

Fatima Revisited

THE SUN DANCED AT FATIMA
A Critical Study of the Apparitions
By Joseph A. Pelletier, A.A.
Preface by Bishop John J. Wright, D.D.
The Caron Press, Worcester, Mass., \$1.00

To state the importance of Fatima after the events of recent weeks in Portugal seems to me to be the understatement of the year. If we accept

the fact of Fatima and study the story of the revelations made to the three children, Lucy, Francesco, and Jacinta by Our Lady, we have a remarkable frame of reference in which to understand the apocalyptic events that keep breaking in the newspapers, almost every edition. If we do not accept Fatima, then we are at the mercy of the latest new commentator and everything seems chaotic indeed.

Father Pelletier, an Assumptionist Father of Worcester, Massachusetts, is quite evidently one who believes in the story of Fatima. He has done a tremendous research into what others have written before concerning it. With the permission of the Bishop of Leiria, whose diocese includes Fatima, he has had recourse to original documents, including Sister Lucia's Memoirs, written in her own handwriting and the two canonical investigations and the pastor's report, in their original handwritten text.

His description of the events from April, 1915, when Lucy saw a strange cloud mysteriously hovering over the valley at the foot of Mount Cabeco, until the tremendous events of October 13, 1917, when the miracle of the sun took place, are brought together in story form holding the attention each moment with its freshness and its simplicity. The recourse to Lucy's own writings has seemingly helped Father Pelletier to recreate scenes with the vividness of an eye witness description.

The author promises us another book on the *Aftermath of Fatima* where he will try to bring the story up to date. The two appendices and the copious notes in the back of the book almost cry out for this second volume. Until it comes along, I recommend this fine work, preferably to be read in conjunction with *Vision of Fatima*, by Father Thomas McGlynn, O.P. (Little Brown and Co.) and *Crusade of Fatima*, by Father John de Marchi (P.J. Kenedy, N. Y.). The three together give a rounded view of this all important subject.

Several months ago I made a survey of the New York newspapers to see what they had had to say of the famous light in the sky of January 25-26, 1938, which Lucy told Father McGlynn was God's warning of the new war. Two papers ignored it on the day in question but one of them had a very forceful description of it by the captain of an ocean liner several days later. The *New York Times* gave a roundup story from many countries. In Holland it was termed a good omen. In England people thought Windsor Castle was on fire. In Scotland they thought it was a bad omen. "Scientists" said it was an aurora borealis, while the *Times* reported that in Portugal people believed the end of the world had come. Lucy, Father McGlynn tells us in his book, was sitting down at that time to write to her superiors that this was the sign Our Lady had predicted.

The point of the whole business of Fatima is that it is a developing story. The prophecies seem to be working out daily before our eyes and

everything moves toward a central theme of the revelations, the conversion of Russia. It is like watching a play in which the dénouement is yet to come but where the suspense is terrific. It will really be interesting to find out how Father Pelletier will gather together his facts and his thoughts to explain the *Aftermath of Fatima*.

ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

For Whom the Bells Ring

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN
An Interpretation
By Carlton J. H. Hayes
Sheed & Ward, \$2.75

When Professor Hayes' book *Wartime Mission in Spain* was published in 1945 his report fell on ears ringing with emotional preju-

ices, whose vibrations could be felt pulsing in every review. Those critics whose sympathies were leftist read only appeasement of a "nasty little dictator" into his book and consequently could find nothing good in it. But his admirers did him as great a disservice, for they read his book through the heat-waves of their approval of Franco as the "champion of Christianity against Communism," and saw there only a supposed ratification of their demagoguery.

Since that time Professor Hayes has been living in the United States and answering questions about Spain. According to the chapter entitled "Anglo-American Notions about Spain" in this, his latest book, these questions are typical of the curious American provincialism that penetrates even university circles. Here are some samples:

"Aren't Spaniards particularly cruel and intolerant?"

"Spaniards do live in caves, don't they?"

"Aren't Spaniards lazy?"

"Isn't their favorite word 'manana'?"

The United States and Spain is an attempt to answer these and other questions about Spain in order to dispel popular ignorance and prejudice on this subject, which as he says, "can only be described as colossal," and in order to bring about desirable relations between Americans and Spaniards.

The political situation has altered since 1945. Expediency has dictated a change in the attitude of high-handed contempt in which we have regarded the Spanish government. And yet the atmosphere is still so charged with controversy that it is hardly likely many critics will be able to appraise the book on its own merits.

Extremely well-documented, it is brisk and easy to read and the genial and affable personality of the author permeates its pages. Without attempting to white-wash Franco, he shows how unreasonable it is for Americans to scruple about his dictatorship while attempting to collaborate with Stalin and bestowing favors on Tito.

The only complaint I have to make is that Professor Hayes attempts to apologize for the presence of beggars in Spain, instead of taking the opportunity of enlightening our ignorance and prejudice on the subject of these ambassadors of God.

ELAINE MALLEY

Theresian Love

THE HEART OF ST. THERESE

By Abbe Andre Combes

Kenedy, \$2.75

her amazing sanctity in his book of last year (*The Spirituality of St. Therese*), mines even more precious metal in his latest, *The Heart of St. Therese*.

As the title suggests, the emphasis is on love, on *caritas*, on Charity with a capital "C." It is Therese's love for Jesus and Jesus' love for Therese—a love that can only be spoken of adequately by employing such "unlovely" terms as holocaust and suffering and aridity.

Although by no means ignoring the saint who is "of the Child Jesus" and who is referred to tenderly as the Little Flower, Abbe Combes (the top Theresian scholar) has reminded his readers that the Carmelite's full title is "Therese of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face."

"... neither of these names may be abandoned," he says, "for each recalls a decisive moment in her vocation and her response: Therese of the Crib and of the Cross."

It was her "great grace" at Christmas a year and a half after her First Communion, that the Infant infused into her both charity and His own strength. But shortly after entering Carmel she writes her sister Celine: "Look Jesus in the face! There you will see how He loves us."

Therese at least was convinced. She was so convinced that her generous heart broke all its natural boundaries and with almost feminine artifice she demanded—and got—Jesus' own heart with which to return the love she saw there.

It was a love that launched her into the sea of apostleship, slipping the moorings of her last "childish weakness." "It was," says the author, "by her becoming 'a fisher of men' that she was finally set free. The Incarnation never becomes fully operative in any soul until it bears the flower of apostleship."

Such is a statement that ought to set aright those good persons who so firmly believe that the Carmelite "just prays and does penance" and, for instance, the lay apostle "just talks and apostolizes." In reality, of course, neither Carmelite nor lay apostle gets anywhere without the proper blend (according to his status) of prayer, penance and apostolicity.

Apostolicity to Therese was a simple work of logic. She loved Jesus and the more souls she saved, the more love would He receive. "Love is repaid only by love" was, as said Abbe Combes in his previous work, the supreme law of her life. The way she evolved her particular mission shows the working of a mind eager to be done with clouds of obstacles on her divine flight.

"The aim of the Carmelite Order," says the *Tresor du Carmel*, a book of great influence on the Order in France, "... is to pray for sinners, to offer ourselves to Divine Justice for them, and to compensate for their lack of penance by the austerity of a crucified life."

This Therese knew but she was obsessed by love. At the Mass of the Blessed Trinity in 1895, two years before her death, she began a new chain of ideas, and shortly after she says in her autobiography:

If Thy Justice which avenges itself upon earth must needs be satisfied, how much more must Thy Merciful Love desire to inflame souls, since "Thy Mercy reacheth even to the Heavens."

It was thus that Therese, not scorning the Carmelite point of view, but transcending it, chose Love in preference to Justice. She offered herself as a holocaust to Merciful Love. Even then, the slow, painful process did not bear full fruit until a short while before her death. Then came the deeper insight into the precept of charity. She examined the "new Commandment" given by Jesus at the Last Supper: to love one another as He had loved them.

To love as He loves. Abbe Combes presents the discovery almost as if the saint, this tubercular girl of 24 who had suffered so much, might have said "Oh!" as do we when we finally see the obvious that has heretofore escaped even our most diligent attention.

Abbe Combes also brings out one of Therese's most charming of individual traits. It is her incessant use of the name of Jesus—just Jesus. He is Jesus, just Jesus, to her—the Jesus of the Gospels. The trait so intrigues the author that he employs it a great deal himself.

And somehow, under the spell of such informality, He becomes "just" Jesus to the reader too. This alone is gift enough from one book, we think.

CAROL DAVIS

Handbook for Catholics

THE EXTERNALS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Msgr. John F. Sullivan
Revised by Rev. John C. O'Leary
Kenedy, \$4.50

I have often heard competent secretaries say they wouldn't be without such an authority as Webster at their reach at any time—even though they averaged ninety per cent in spelling through their

school years. I think much the same way about this hand-book of Catholic usage. It will be at my elbow from now on, and I strongly recommend the readers of this review to purchase it and see for themselves if they don't think my way.

The book has compiled information on the history and significance of the visible features of the Catholic religion so as to give the reader satisfactory knowledge without considerable study from widely scattered sources. The scope of this book is to treat of the visible features of religion and it does it well, but it does more—it gives you a satisfying explanation of Catholic doctrine too. If you have ever wondered about the origin of the *Agnus Dei*, or the chimes and peals of the church bell, what the significance of the cutting of hair during tonsure ceremonies (one of the steps to the priesthood), how the Pope is elected, what are the Cardinals' duties, what are the different varieties of crosses, or the impediments to marriage, nothing goes unanswered—nothing misunderstood!

Get this book now and give it to your friends, Catholic and non-Catholic, and you and they will be happier with the knowledge derived from it.

MAGGIE LYONS

Portrait of the Artist

THE TRUE LIKENESS

By R. W. Hynek

Sheed and Ward, \$3.25

exposing it methodically to the scrutiny of the specialized sciences of chemistry, medicine, archaeology, history, the ancient culture of linen-weaving and the recent culture of photography, and by comparing it with spurious imitations, he mounts evidence upon evidence manifesting that the image on the Shroud is the true likeness of Christ.

When one has said all this, however, one has not done justice to the book. For there is something in it that transcends the implications of science. While Dr. Hynek uses the testimony of the Scriptures to illuminate his argument, a transposition seems to take place, and the reader is stunned by the revealing floodlight thrown on the Gospels—especially on the Passion—by the eloquent testimony of the Shroud. "Indeed this Man was the Son of God!" cried the centurion, who witnessed the terrible agony of His passion. In revealing to us, with a profound sense of wonder that no scientific austerity can suppress, a portrait painted for us with the very pigments of His excruciating torments, Dr. Hynek gives us new insight into the overwhelming miracle of His love.

ELAINE MALLEY

Logic and Scientism

THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON

By Arnold Lunn

Sheed & Ward, \$3.25

some inopportune I never happened to read his books and gradually I came to feel almost as though I had from hearing about them, or at least as though the moment that they would have been helpful had passed. How wrong I was.

Mr. Lunn does one thing superbly. He is a master controversialist and logician with respect to the popular errors of the day. His special field is scientism and within it the doctrine of evolution. For at least twenty years he has been arguing and studying and thinking about evolution, so what he says on it is authoritative, up-to-date, lucid and brilliant. Most talk on this subject is muddled or over-solicitous of the good will of the atheists, or deals with some minute consideration. The general prevailing attitude (or at least so I have found) is that science has proved the evolutionary theory beyond a doubt, therefore we must bow down before facts, and anyhow we can salvage the Book of Genesis because we only have to believe that man's *body* evolved. Chesterton's quip that the only thing we know for certain about the missing link is that he is missing is considered amusing but inaccurate.

Now Arnold Lunn does not entirely disavow the evolutionary theory, at least in a modified form, but he does show what tremendous difficulties stand in the way of accepting this hypothesis. Not theological difficulties, but logical difficulties based on the scientific data or lack of it. His book is rich in excellent quotations, including a number from leading contemporary scientists who have discarded the theory. Evolution continues to

taught in all the schools not because the best scientific minds still hold but because academic appointments still require belief in it.

Evolution is just a major case in point. What Mr. Lunn really exposes is the *irrationality* of modern secular so-called scientific thinking. There are degrees. The "rationalism" of the eighteenth century used reason within too narrow a field, but still used reason. The final degradation of Logical Positivism which is just about a complete perversion of man's rational nature. The favorite word of the logical positivists is "meaningful," which crops up more and more with American writers. It's a particularly repellent evasion of clarity and, for that matter, of meaning.

The Revolt Against Reason is a complete revision of *Flight from Reason* which appeared twenty years ago and is considerably longer. I particularly recommend it for college students in secular schools because it will answer their questions. But it will also rid them overnight of their inferiority complexes, apologetical attitudes and defensive positions. Such a book as this could make a vast difference in a person's life if it came his way at the right time.

CAROL JACKSON

Merton and St. John of the Cross

THE ASCENT TO TRUTH

By Thomas Merton

Harcourt Brace, \$3.50

Backs up the latest Merton. In the first place, the burst of publicity given the Trappist author in the secular book world has impinged him on our consciousness, whether we like it or not, as an accepted literary voice—not *the* accepted voice—of contemporary American Catholicism. We worry about what he is going to say next. Then, Merton books have been appearing with such bewildering rapidity that we wonder how a work on such a profound and delicate subject as the present one can be turned out on such short order by a young man who was throwing beer cans at street lamps just ten years ago.

But Thomas Merton is an able writer, a poetic soul and a devoted Trappist. He is one of us and we like him. We are willing to go along with him in the hope that a talented mind which is actively working at living the contemplative life will have so entered into it that he will be able to draw us after him, or at least show us the way. That, in fact, is what this book sets out to do: "The function of this book is to define the nature of contemplative experience, to show something of the necessary interior asceticism which leads up to it, and to give a brief sketch of mature contemplation."

The author increases our anticipation by choosing Saint John of the Cross as the medium of his exposition: "I propose to study this substance of Catholic mysticism as it is expounded in the works of the Church's 'safest' mystical theologian, the sixteenth-century Spanish Carmelite, Saint John of the Cross."

But he disappoints us. He is not writing for us. He is writing for the great pagan public, as his chapter on "The Problem of Unbelief"—a chapter which has no place in a book on mystical experience—clearly shows.

It is to be feared that the unfortunate dichotomy evident in this book is being aggravated by the merciless demands made on Thomas Merton talents. Vowed to a purely contemplative life, he is asked to be an active apologete at the same time. Cloistered and veiled in silence to leave his soul alone with God, he must send it out into the world in order that he may identify himself—as any teacher must—with the souls he is trying to reach. I do not envy him.

For those of us who do not need the ABC's of Christian belief and practice explained to us at every step of the way, reading this book is a frustrating experience. And it is difficult to see how it can be much help to the others. It is very easy to become nonsensical trying to reduce such concepts as that of a darkness that is light and a light that is darkness to logical terms. You get about as far as a person reducing his explanation of the Trinity to words of one syllable and repeating them over and over again by way of clarification.

I would recommend a reader to start this book at Chapter 18 on page 288. There the author tells us what he has been trying to say. He speaks of "the function of love in mystical contemplation" and "the stages of the journey from unformed faith to contemplative prayer." And he speaks well enough about them to make you want to go back and start the book over again. There is so much of good in it that one dislikes setting down the opinion that it is unevenly written and ill-constructed. If the manuscript had been put away for the Horation nine years, it might well have been fashioned into the book we hoped we would have.

The writer in Thomas Merton would long before that have seen the banality of a sentence like, "There is nothing new under the sun, not even the H-bomb (which was invented by our Father Adam)." Or the ludicrousness of the unintended distinction in this, "Such is the teaching of Saint Thomas Aquinas, and theologians agree."

The contemplative in him would have decided to plunge forward into the heart of mystical experience, exercising the poet's right to presume acceptance of his postulates, and leaving others to plumb that contrary darkness of the unbelieving mind.

There are nuggets in the book for the persistent reader, but he will have to dig them out.

JAMES SHAW

The Wheat and the Tares

SOUTHERN PARISH

Vol. 1. The Dynamics
Of A City Parish

By Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.

University of Chicago Press, \$5.00

It took twelve months to compile this scientific sociological survey of a large city parish in New Orleans. The work was done by Father Fichter and his team of five women and six men

students and six young Jesuit Fathers of Loyola University of the South. Funds provided by the Carnegie Foundation and Loyola University made the project possible. The pastor and his two assistants co-operated in the venture. Twenty chapters and an excellent index tell what makes a city parish tick and miss ticking. Raised eyebrows resulted when the book was read by those on the scene and a committee of clergymen, appointed by the Archbishop to "investigate this publication" found that "this book manifestly contains inaccuracies, canonical errors and many inappropriate

portings which give rise to a distorted picture of a large and well beloved church parish of the Archdiocese." These strictures, however, do not detract from the book's value as a comprehensive and useful pattern for tugging the *cura animarum* in any parish, large or small.

Southern Parish mirrors the three parishes I pastored in my forty-one years as a priest. I dare say that every priest exercising the cure of souls in a parish will find the book a revelation of what needs to be done to improve his field for a better harvest. And lest, after reading it and seeing it himself and his parishioners, he become discontented unto discouragement, he will find some consolation in this, that Father Fichter and his teammates have only corroborated Our Lord's parables on the kingdom. The kingdom of Heaven, He says in effect, will not be what you expect it to be (that is, an earthly millennium); it will be like this and like this—no fact, it will be a *Southern Parish* in the Catholic Church, in which, as Donald Knox says so well, "you do not have gold waiting to be minted but ore waiting to be smelted; there will always be dross."

REV. ANTHONY ROTHLAUF

BOOK NOTES

"A modern saint in a modern world" is a quick way to sum up an impression of the record albums of *The Canonization of Saint Maria Goretti* (Kyrie Recordings, 161 E. 33rd St., New York City, Album I, \$10.00, Album II, \$15.00). Both albums give you a chance to hear the Holy Father proclaim a saint officially one (as well as all the "color" of such a ceremony—such as the bells of St. Peter's and, in the words of a commentator, how the saint's mother reacts) and Album II includes the Solemn Papal Mass, sung by the Sistine Choir. Made under the guidance of Vatican Radio, it makes the listener realize now is as good a time as any to be a saint. . . . *Lord, Bless Us*, a handy pocket-size pamphlet (Grail Publications, 50¢), proves the point that there are plenty of places for the use of the Mass in everyday events. There are prayers, too, for a dying person, renewal of baptismal and marriage vows, a home blessing. . . . Although primarily for converts and children, *The Rosary* (Sheed & Ward, \$2.25), with brief thoughts and line half-tone drawings on the Joyful Mysteries, is a rewarding study to benefit anyone's meditations. . . . Fides has done it again. Brought a Sacrament out to the full light in the modern manner to show that its beauty, its strength and dignity, and its meaning do not change with time. This one is on *Marriage* (Fides Album, 25¢), taken from its beginning (with Adam and Eve) through its restoration by Christ and explained in light of the facts that it is sanctified by the Cross, is a commitment, and is an image of Heaven. In addition there is a splendid bibliography for further reading. . . . *Christian Life Calendar* (Bruce, \$1.00) is really a must for a Catholic home. Fathers Hafford and Kolanda give us a valuable reminder that each day is considerably more than a Monday, or a Tuesday, or even a Sunday. They impart the additional information that, for instance, the Mass will be with violet vestments (Advent, you know), no Gloria, but a Credo, three prayers and the Preface of the Holy Trinity, and other details of the Ordo—something not all daily Masses do. Then in a blithe, cheerful (sometimes bucolic) way they give you a quick, brief, run down on the saint of the day (if there is one) and bolstering thought for the day. It's the Calendar's 19th year and we shall have at least 19 more.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS



This is a small reproduction of one of the many super photographs of the hands of a priest saying Mass which appear in **Walter Nurnberg's HANDS AT MASS** (\$3.00). It's not only a lovely book to look at but Father Martindale's Introduction and Commentary as well as the photographs themselves make it an especially useful gift for converts and near converts. **TERESA OF AVILA** (\$2.00) by **Kate O'Brien** is just what you would hope for from the author of **WITHOUT MY CLOAK**. — It has depth as well as liveliness—and how she does love Saint Teresa! **Helen Caldwell Day's** auto-

biography and apologia **COLOR, EBONY** (\$2.25) is a prejudice-killer if ever we saw one. She writes brilliantly and is so evidently a better Catholic and a clearer thinker than most of us. If you have tried thinking of all history and our own times as just an interval between Our Lord's first and second comings, you will know that it changes one's outlook somewhat. **Father Danielou** habitually sees things in that way which is what makes his book **ADVENT** (\$2.50) so exciting. And we do mean exciting. Do you know anyone who wants to read the Old Testament but finds parts of it hard to understand and even harder to swallow? **UNLESS SOME MAN SHOW ME** (\$2.50) by **Alexander Jones** is exactly what they need: Father Jones undoes many tangles and gives you an idea of how any other you meet should be dealt with.

For rather special Christmas presents let us remind you of **THE MARY BOOK** assembled by **F. J. Sheed** (\$4.00) with 37 authors from Chaucer to Chesterton on Our Lady and 12 illustrations, 4 in color and **THE NEW TESTAMENT, Knox Translation**, Gift Edition (\$5.00) which has 30 pictures in full color and is exceptionally handsome in every way. AND for the people to whom you meant to give something just a little more than a Christmas card, **THE MONKS WHO WORRIED** pictures and text by Russell Collinge—a really rather enchanting one dollar gift.

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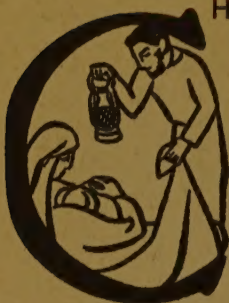
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